

INTERSTELLAR SPECIES

Humans

Convergent Evolution is the tendency of distant unrelated organic species to evolve in a way that resembles one another, often out of sheer efficiency at the task of existence. Among aquatic creatures there is *Carcinization*, the tendency to evolve into a crab-like state. Among terrestrial creatures it's *Humanization*, the tendency to evolve into a human-like being. Because of this humans are the most common alien species in the galaxy. Most do not call themselves human, preferring instead to use the name of the planet they came from, ex: *Earthlings*. Most other aliens just spin their eyestalks and call them *Human*.

Physiology. With humans, superficial differences abound. Some are covered in scales, others feathers, and still others have hair and skin. They come in every color imaginable. However, they are all upright walking bipeds bearing two arms that end with hand-like appendages. They have a single head outfitted with a brain, two eyes, two ears, a nose or blow hole and a mouth. The bulk of their chest is taken up by a set of air breathing lungs. The circulatory system is enclosed and powered by up to three different hearts. They almost never have a tail or if they do it is a small vestigial one. The ability to move in any way other than walking is non-existent.

Reproduction is heterosexual and viviparous with the differences between the sexes often fluctuating depending on just how civilized they are. Along these lines, humans can be broadly divided into three groups: Alphas, Betas and Omegas.

Alphas. Alpha humans tend to be the most primitive and culturally isolated. They come from tribal, nomadic or agricultural backgrounds. Their societies are often matriarchal with women doing the thinking while men provide the manual labor.

Ability	Female	Male
Muscle	-10	+10
Health	+5	-5
Agility	+0	+5
Reflexes	+0	+5
Intellect	+0	-10
Trek	+0	+0
Charm	+5	-5
Command	+0	+0
Sense	+0	+0
Luck	+0	+0

Betas. Beta humans are a transitional state between Alphas and Omegas and tend to come from semi-urban societies. Their sexual dimorphism is not as extreme as it is with the Alphas yet it is still quite easy to tell the men from the women. The societies they form can vary wildly between patriarchal and matriarchal.

Ability	Female	Male
Muscle	-5	+5
Health	+0	-5
Agility	+0	+0
Reflexes	+0	+0
Intellect	+5	+0
Trek	+0	+0
Charm	+5	-5
Command	-5	+5
Sense	+0	+0
Luck	+0	+0

Omegas. Omegas are the most civilized of humans and often found only in highly advanced societies, especially those that use robots to do their manual labor. They often think of themselves as the end state of human evolution if not its pinnacle, hence the term Omega. *Others may disagree.* The difference between the sexes is nearly non-existent. Omegas are neither matriarchal nor patriarchal but can be quite monarchical and tend to build societies that are highly dependent on rigorous class structures that always seem to place Omegas at the top.

Ability	
Muscle	-10
Health	+0
Agility	-10
Reflexes	+0
Intellect	+10
Trek	+5
Charm	+5
Command	+0
Sense	+0
Luck	+0

Locomotion: Walk x1

Natural Attacks:

Attack	Beats	Damage	Aspects
Punch	1	3n	Close, Bastard
Kick	2	5n	

Weight: 20 kg Female, 30 kg Male + 1 kg per Muscle Point.

Climate: Cold to Tropical.

Diet: Omnivorous.

Pronounced: HUE-mon.

Thralasites

It is believed that the Thralasite originated on a world with an exceedingly high level of gravity where they lived like large flatworms inching across its surface under the oppressive weight. Aliens seeking workers who could withstand formidable environments transported them to other worlds where the gravity was still immense but not so crushing. There they evolved to stand upright, move about on thick legs, use tools and become the life forms that people recognize today. Nobody knows where this high-gravity homeworld actually is, and in truth few Thralasites actually care. While they are well adapted to life in a high-gravity environment, they quite like the freedom of living in a low-gravity one and are generally uninterested in going back.

Physiology. The thralasite has no skeleton of any sort. It is a big bag of muscle containing a number of free-floating organs in an open circulation system. They do have a head where their eyes connect to a brain not far beyond it, as well as a mouth for eating and a blowhole for breathing and vocalization. By not being confined to a rib cage their lungs can take in large amounts of air, blowing themselves up to almost double in size. While they are not naturally loud creatures, Thralasites have voices with a range that puts most opera singers to shame.

Otherwise, Thralasites are largely formless and can easily but not quickly change their shape with a mere thought. Their internal organs cannot flatten in the same way as their musculature, so while a pseudopod can be made as thin as 5 cm around, the smallest hole an entire thralasite can fit through requires a 30 cm diameter.

Extra Limbs. Gamewise, a Thralasite can sprout up to their **Agility / 10** in limbs. This includes the three legs they use to stand on. Keep in mind that having more limbs does not necessarily mean they can do more with them. A Thralasite still needs to think to use a limb and that is a limiting factor. A Thralasite with Agility 70% can stand on three legs and wield four pistols at once but this doesn't change the number of beats it takes to fire each gun. It does, however, look incredibly impressive.

Thralasite Skin. Thralasites are not goop. Their skin is deeply wrinkled. As they stretch these wrinkles unfold and the skin turns smooth, something which is key to understanding how they change shape. The skin does have a breaking point, but they can often double the length of a limb before reaching it. The folds of the skin have a bad habit of picking up grunge, especially in dusty and sandy environments. Because of this, there is little Thralasites enjoy more than smoothing out in a hot bath and getting clean. Bathing is a big deal among Thralasites and needs to be done at least once a week to stay healthy.

The color of their skin is often a dull shade of brown but can range from purple to orange with black, white, beige and blue being not totally unheard of. Like most creatures, the pigmentation they have depends on the level of ultraviolet light they have evolved to deal with. Different planets will yield different colored Thralasites.

Eyesite. Thralasite eyes are often kept hidden in dark crevasses of skin. They only see in black and white, but they do so with a resolution that is so high it can tell one color from another as refined shades

of gray. This means that while they can detect different colors, their use of color often seems a bit garish if not flat out psychedelic to those who can see colors.

There is a 40 cm optic nerve connecting each eyeball to the Thralasite's brain. These can be extended on stalks up to 30 cm long and used like a periscope to peek over walls and around corners. Gamewise it takes **three rounds** to extend an eyestalk and another round to snap it back into place. A -10 will be taken during this time if the thralasite tries to do anything other than observe what they see.

Reproduction. Thralasites do not have genders. They do not procreate or take a mate and they think it quite strange if not hilarious that other creatures do. It takes ten years for a thralasite to reach maturity. After that, almost like clockwork, every ten years they will form what appears to be a large wart on their body. This grows for about a year before dropping off to become a new thralasite. They will do this four times. After the last drop the creature has another ten years left to live, a span of time marked by a swift decline in health. It's skin turns gray and rigid. By the time it turns sixty the creature will calcify and die.

Thralasites raise their young until they can live on their own, but the connection that other creatures experience with their offspring is notably absent. Young thralasites are often eager to separate from their parents. For parents the budding of a child is simply a reminder that the clock of life is ticking down to a grim end. This could very well be the reason why thralasites are often drawn to dangerous professions, preferring the idea of a sudden death in an industrial accident over the slow mortification that is its natural end.

Diet. Genetic diversity is something Thralasites acquire through their diet. Their digestive system mines (for lack of a better term) food for new genetic information to incorporate into its offspring. This has proven very effective at getting them to adapt to new surroundings and explains their cultural fascination with strange and exotic dishes from far-off locals. *There seems to be no limit to what a Thralasite will eat.* Although their mouth often appears to be a small, barely perceptible crease beneath their eyes, they can stretch it wide to consume food that is almost a third as big as their own body.

Personality. As with all creatures, personalities vary, but for something with such an elastic body the Thralasite mind tends to be quite stubborn and inflexible. They do not have physical genders but they do have mental ones shaped by the culture they were raised in. This means that most will identify as male or female depending on the kind of work they do. Considering the brutal work that most thralasites are hired to do, nearly all of them identify as male.

Thralasites love humor and see comedy as the highest form of art, yet at the same time they need other people to make them laugh and have a hard time doing it themselves. *There are almost no Thralasite comedians.* Those who have tried tend to be unbearable. Talented comedians will always find work in a Thralasite bath house but they will also find them to be an incredibly tough crowd to please.

Architecture. Thralasites love curves and often incorporate geodesic domes, orbs and other spherical shapes into their architecture. Just as long as everything is kept low to the ground. They have an innate fear of heights and tend to build low sprawling complexes. Skyscrapers terrify them. Strangely enough, they have no fear of space. Once gravity lets go of its hold on them, heights also let go of their fear.

Thralasite spaceships are notable for having a very globular look about them and having tunnel-like halls that lack headspace. This often forces other aliens to stoop if not get down and crawl around on all fours, yet another reason why Thralasites and Yarzarians generally do not get along.

Movement. How does a three-legged creature walk? They lean forward, just enough to lift their third leg behind them like a heavy tail and trundle about on two legs. It's only when they stop that they go back to standing on three legs. To sit they let their legs go soft and collapse into a blob. Thralasites never invented chairs and generally don't approve of them, so when you go to one of their abodes, be prepared to sit cross-legged on the floor. Do not sit on any of the bean bag chairs. Those are most likely dozing relatives or housemates. Also do not play with the lava lamp. That is actually a totem of religious significance celebrating liberation from the heavy gravity of their homeworld.

Abilities.

Ability	
Muscle	+20
Health	+0
Agility	-10
Reflexes	-10
Intellect	+0
Trek	+0
Charm	-5
Command	+5
Sense	+0
Luck	+0

Talents: Elasticity 3.

Troubles: Fear of Heights 3.

Natural Attacks:

Attack	Beats	Damage	Aspects
Pseudopod	2	8n	Close, Bastard
Frog Mouth	3	8n	Close. Grab.

Locomotion: Walk x0.75

Weight: 40 kg + 1 kg per Muscle Point.

Climate: Cold to Tropical.

Diet: Omnivorous.

Pronounced: THRAL-ah-Site.

Vrysk

The Vrysk is a large spindly insect-like creature best described as a mantis mixed with an ant. They tend to be bright green with yellow joints and eyes. They have two thoraxes and an abdomen connected by

ball joints which when combined with an open circulation system lets them spin any joint almost a full circle in any direction.

Six Legs. The upper thorax is its torso and connects to a head and a pair of arms. The lower thorax connects to two pair of legs. The abdomen contains its digestive system and works as a counterbalance for the weight of the torso, allowing it to walk on four limbs with its front two held upright. When Vrysk sit they either squat on a couch of some sort, or more preferably fall back into a chair, resting with their abdomen sticking out in front of them. In this position their middle set of legs can be used like a second set of arms.

All limbs end with a hand-like appendage where the digits are arranged in a star pattern around a palm that is optimized for grabbing sphere-shaped objects. As a result, many Vrysk tools have spherical grips that can be confounding to other alien species. Gamewise they take a -5 when using them.

Senses. Vrysk have a remarkable array of senses. Their eyes see an incredibly high gradation of color. Their antenna are mounted on ball joints that can spin to aim their hearing in a certain direction, as ears they are disturbingly good at picking up sounds as quiet as a whisper from a distance. Vrysk breathe through a number of tiny orifices called spiracles which cover their upper torso and are quite sensitive to smell. They can open and close these like tiny mouths allowing them to hold their breath when needed. Only their sense of touch tends to come up lacking, limited by the hard chitin which sheathes most of their body.

Voice. The mouth is made of a pair of mandibles that sit one inside the other. When they talk they do so by clicking these together to create a rapid-fire chatter which most find impossible to comprehend. Vrysk can emit a high-pitched scream through their spiracles, but that is as close to vocalization as it gets. A polyvox is considered an essential tool when it comes to dealing with them.

Agricultural. The shape of the Vrysk hand comes from countless generations spent as farmers, picking various fruits and vegetables. Vrysk are herbivores and generally peaceful despite possessing that streak of ruthlessness common to anyone who works on a farm. They are also oviparous. Every month a female Vrysk will lay a dozen eggs which the male then fertilizes with a mist-like spray of semen. Given time these eggs will hatch into pupae that quickly grow to become more Vrysk, providing the eggs are not eaten first.

The Vrisk. The Vrisk are another race of insectoid creatures which look like a beefier and more aggressive form of Vrysk. Their carapaces are either black with red eyes and joints or red with black eyes and joints. The Vrisk are vicious brutal domineering carnivores. For countless generations they have lorded over the Vrysk feeding on their eggs and the occasional pupae. Because of this the Vrysk have an almost instinctual fear of the Vrisk. While they hate them vehemently and often do have the numbers to defeat them, this fear keeps the Vrysk submissive to or at least on the run from their former overlords.

Freed Vrysk. The Vrysk that most star-farers encounter are the descendents of those who escaped the domination of the Vrisk. While some still do practice agriculture, many more have found a more dependable niche working as middle managers for interstellar corporations. Their desire for order,

uniformity and attention to detail makes them a natural fit when it comes to dealing with large bureaucratic structures.

Black Sheep. Those who do not work for corporations are often looked down upon by those who do. These are the black sheep of the brood. *The ones who probably should have been fed to the Vrask.* They are also the ones most commonly found in adventuring parties. Like many alien species, the Vrysk do not need to wear clothing but often do to show their allegiance to one employer or another. The black sheep are often the most flamboyant dressers of them all, eager to show off their lack of affiliation by dressing outrageously. They love tattoos and will go to great lengths to get their carapace covered in art that enhances their sense of individualism.

Abilities. Another reason why the Vrysk pay an exorbitant amount of attention to clothing is because without it, it is very hard to tell one Vrysk from another, even a male from a female. The Vrysk will know, but then again, their senses are probably much sharper than yours.

Ability	
Muscle	-10
Health	+0
Agility	+5
Reflexes	+0
Intellect	+5
Trek	+0
Charm	-10
Command	-5
Sense	+15
Luck	+0

Talents: Carapace 2.

Natural Attacks:

Attack	Beats	Damage	Aspects
Claws, Small	1	3s	Close, Bastard
Kick	2	4n	
Bite	2	3s	Close

Locomotion: Walk x1

Durability: 60.

Weight: 20 kg Female, 30 kg Male + 1 kg per Muscle Point.

Climate: Temperate to Torrid.

Diet: Herbivorous.

Pronounced: Ver-RISK.

The Yarzar hail from a planet which is almost entirely rain forest from pole to pole with trees so tall that one could live their entire life in the forest canopy without ever seeing the ground. It's a place where the only way to get around is to go leaping from limb to limb and gliding over the longer distances separating trees. Neither simian nor rodent, Yarzarians are best described as tall flying squirrels crossed with a chimpanzee. *Just don't call them squirrel or chimp.* Yarzarians are very sensitive and easily offended by *everything*.

Originally taken from their home world as a novelty, many were introduced to the galaxy as circus performers, it wasn't long before people began to take notice of just how incredibly smart they are. Yarzarians possess eidetic memories as well as a strange mix of chaotic creativity and logical rationality which makes them excellent problem solvers. Unfortunately, they are also about as charming as a bear trap. Finding insult and being antagonizing is something they enjoy. *You need to earn a Yarzar's respect which is no easy task.*

Physiology. Yarzar tend to be tall and lanky. They have thumbs on their feet which are just as adept at grabbing things as their hands. Because of this they abhor the idea of wearing shoes. It is not uncommon for them to sleep upside down, hanging from a tree limb their feet have latched onto.

Female Yarzar tend to be more muscular than the males, but both are quite weak for their size. Many believe this has to do with keeping their bodies light so they can glide through the air. The flaps of skin stretching from ankle to wrist which allows them to do this are called *Patagia*. They bunch up along the sides of the Yarzar's body when not in use to keep them from dragging on the ground. A big problem with Patagia is that there is no way to wear clothes or even a belt without ruining the ability to glide. Surgically, holes can be cut into them to allow for something like a belt, but doing so reduces their movement to **Glide x3**.

Fashion. Most Yarzarians carry a **Mantle Pack** instead. This is basically a stiff tool belt which fits over the head and shoulders and keeps what a Yazar needs close to their chest. Unless helped by a strong wind, Yarzarians can only glide downwards and only while unencumbered. Even Lugging will cause them to plummet. For this reason, mantle packs are made to come off in a hurry to lighten their load.

When it comes to clothes, Yarzarians are not modest. They don't need to be. Their genitalia is hidden by a natural covering of fur. When they need to wear clothes to be fashionable they like to wear colorful cloaks, something they can sweep aside like a cape should they need to take flight.

Nightvision. Yarzar have large ebony eyes with natural nightvision. They cannot see in perfect darkness but take no penalties in low-light conditions, such as under a thick tree canopy. Unfortunately this cause them to take a -10 in normal daylight. Because of this, the Yarzar absolutely love polygoggles, especially cool looking designer ones tricked out with extra functionality to help them deal with bright lights.

Enemies. One of the biggest drawbacks of being a Yarzarian is their carefree attitude towards ticking people off. They gather far more enemies than friends. On top of this, the Yarzar are top notch grudge

holders. That eidetic memory of theirs never forgets a slight levied against them. Because of this they all come with the trouble **Vengeful Friend** and it is not uncommon for an old nemesis to show up at the worst possible moment to exact some revenge.

Excellent Parents. Before writing them off as all kinds of terrible, it is good to note that the Yarzar make excellent parents. Few creatures care for their young quite like the Yarzarians. Most don't want to become parents but once it happens a switch is thrown inside their head and being a parent is all they can think about. This lasts for as long as they have offspring that are less than 15 years old, the dawn of maturity for Yarzarians. At that point the impulse leaves and they quickly revert to their obnoxious old selves.

While all of this does sound quite commendable, it can actually be quite a problem. They honestly have no control over their parenting instincts. So if you were counting on a Yarzarian to adventure with you and they learn they are going to be a parent? *Find someone else.* They will not be going.

Yarzarians are marsupials. They tend to give birth to one child at a time with a gestation period of six months. A young Yarzar will stay in its mother's pouch for up to a year, or however long it takes to get moving on their own. Thankfully young Yarzar never seem to weigh enough to keep the mother from being able to glide when needed.

Tribal. Traditional Yarzarian societies are tribal and matriarchal. This never truly leaves them. Even when living in a highly advanced society and fully understanding the problems that tribalism can bring they will honor tribal loyalties and respectfully yield judgment to tribal leaders no matter how removed from their lives those leaders may be.

Climate: Warm to Torrid.

Abilities.

Ability	Female	Male
Muscle	-10	-15
Health	+0	+0
Agility	+5	+5
Reflexes	+5	+5
Intellect	+10	+10
Trek	+0	+10
Charm	-10	-15
Command	+5	+5
Sense	+0	+0
Luck	-5	-5

Talents: Eidetic Memory.

Troubles: Vengeful Friend.

Natural Attacks:

Attack	Beats	Damage	Aspects
Punch	1	3n	Close, Bastard

Kick	2	5n	
Bite	2	3s	Close

Locomotion: Walk x1, Glide x4

Weight: 15 kg Female, 20 kg Male + 1 kg per Muscle Point.

Climate: Cold to Tropical.

Diet: Omnivorous.

Pronounced: (Single) Yar-Zar, (Plurar) Yar-ZAir, (Collective) Yar-ZAir-eons.

INTERSTELLAR EVIL

These are species which for one reason or another have made Star Law's black list. They cannot be made into player characters and generally best avoided.

Smililix

The Smililix appears to be small green men with large cat-like eyes and an oversized head resembling a giant cabbage. What they are is a form of weed, a man-sized highly-mobile carnivorous plant destined to make life miserable for anyone who runs afoul of them.

Physiology. Smililix arms are tightly wound thorn covered vines that can quickly unwind to lash out to **double** their length when needed. They cannot use tools at this length but they can use these vines like a whip to grab onto things or simply lash out at opponents. Their legs are built in the same way but need to stay bunched up to support the creature's weight and cannot extend themselves.

Skunk Cabbages. The mouth of the Smililix is a crude orifice lined with multiple rows of teeth-like thorns which they use to tear apart the meat they eat (pretty much anything they can take a bite of). This drops into a stomach that is essentially a compost pile laced with powerful enzymes that quickly decomposes it. When they talk they do so by compressing a diaphragm around this stomach which forces noxious green vapors to move past a set of vocal chords and crudely enunciate words.

Which smells just as god-awful as it sounds.

This makes talking to a Smililix almost as torturous as being whipped by one, hence the nickname *Skunk Cabbages*. Very few beings in the cosmos can stand their company. Those that do are often lacking in the sense of smell.

Nocturnal. In their own strange way the Smililix are a race of nocturnal plants. Their large yellow eyes are adept at seeing in low-light conditions, with infravision when needed. They "sleep" during the day by moving outdoors, extending the roots on their stump-like feet, and unfolding their sizeable head which is actually an ugly flower surrounded by large deep green leaves that soak up solar energy. Their eyes close and mental activity flatlines until either night falls or something treads across their roots, causing them to awake and attack. Fortunately, their eyes are not designed for daylight and will suffer with a -10 to everything they do while in it.

Smililix do not build their own spaceships. Instead they commandeer other ships and outfit them to fit their needs. One feature that all Smililix ships have is a galley whose floor is covered with compost, usually the decaying corpses of the ship's original crew, and whose lighting has been replaced by high-output ultraviolet lights. This is necessary for them to travel. Too much time spent under normal artificial light will cause them to grow weak, enter a coma, whither and die.

Genetic Memory. If there is anything truly amazing and not simply revolting about the Smililix it is the way they store memory. While they do have a number of different organs, they have nothing

resembling a brain as far as we know it. Instead they think and store information via rapid gene modification. What they know is stored and retrieved from their DNA. This creates an interesting situation where if a Smililiax dies but is not completely obliterated, it can grow back from a single root and retain all of the memories it had right up to the moment of its death. Break one into multiple chunks and they will grow back as clones of each other, all bearing the same memories.

Smililiax are perennials, in theory they could have memories going back decades if not centuries except genetic long-term memory is simply not that good. Old memories are often discarded to make way for new ones and they are lucky to remember anything that has happened more than ten years into the past.

End Goals. Smililiax are generally nasty, self-centered creatures bent on conquest with little to no respect for life, not even their own. They can be mangled in horrible ways and still bounce back from it. *They don't understand why others cannot do the same.* It could be that despite the apparent size of their heads they are just not very bright.

In the end, Smililiax seek to do what all weeds do which is infest an area, blindly choking out all other forms of life. There have been rumors that other species, such as the Zathar, will harvest Smililiax seeds and bombard planets with them in the lead up to an invasion, hoping to use conflict with the Smililiax to weaken that planet's defenses. Many are skeptical of this since once a planet is overrun by Smililiax it may be harder to conquer than its original inhabitants, even by the Zathar.

Abilities.

Ability

Muscle	+5
Health	+15
Agility	+0
Reflexes	+0
Intellect	-10
Trek	-10
Charm	-25
Command	+10
Sense	+5
Luck	+0

Natural Attacks:

Attack	Beats	Damage	Aspects
Tentacle Whips	3	4n	Reach 4, Entangle
Jaws	2	6s	Close, Grab.

Weight: 20 kg + 1 kg per Muscle Point.

Locomotion: Walk x0.75

Climate: Temperate to Torrid.

Diet: Carnivorous.

Pronounced: Smil-LEE-axe. (the middle i is silent)

Star Law Advisory: High Level Threat.

Reticulons

Reticulons are the wild cards of the galaxy. They are not necessarily evil, just uncommunicative and mischievous. They do possess a language but it is one that no one has been able to crack. They are telepathic but all attempts at communicating with them psychically has resulted in an incomprehensible word salad of the telepaths own language bounced back at them. The Reticulons go where they want, do what they want, and it is impossible to get them to do otherwise except by force. Thankfully, they seem to have no great plans for the galaxy. When they do travel their numbers are small and they do not establish settlements.

Physiology. The Reticulons are omega humanoids of diminutive stature, with the exception of their heads which are nearly twice as large as they should be. Skin color varies from white to dull gray and in some rare instances black. All of which hints towards possible evolutionary tangents brought about by living on different worlds. The diet is omnivorous and not very demanding. Autopsies have shown them to be genderless and lacking any obvious reproductive organs. How they reproduce is a mystery.

Psionic Powers. Most of the Reticulon's facial features are small and somewhat expressionless, except for their eyes which are large black ovals that slant slightly towards their nose. If you see their eyes light up with a cosmic array of colors? *The eyes don't actually do this.* That is the Reticulon making a psychic connection with you and preparing either a psychic blast or hypnotic gaze.

The psychic blast does not exert any physical force. Instead it twists the minds of those they hit, something that can result in bodily harm but often just knocks a person unconscious. Unfortunately, there exists no armor or force fields able to defend against it.

The hypnotic gaze, on the other hand, is designed to take over a character's mind and while they cannot (or will not) communicate with us, the Reticulons have no problem planting highly detailed suggestions in those they hypnotize. Rarely is this anything more threatening than – *run around naked squawking like a chicken* – but the potential for abuse is staggering. Gamewise it is a **Command vs Command** challenge that can be boosted by the Psionics skill.

Fearless Pirates. Probably the most annoying thing about Reticulons is their tendency towards piracy. They have been known to use their hypnotic powers to plant a saboteur amongst a ships crew and conveniently show up once the ship is stranded in space. Psychic blasts are used to incapacitate the crew and the Reticulons are free to take from it whatever they want. This often includes the ship itself should it be a step up from the ship they were currently flying around in.

Kitsch & Abductions. While seemingly intelligent enough (they have no problems using Frontier technology) Reticulons do not create or produce anything. Even their culture is completely co-opted from others. *They love kitsch.* Anything small and unique with no greater purpose than a fun expression of culture immediately draws their attention. Unfortunately, they do not draw a line between objects and

people and have a bad history of abducting anyone who appeals to their kitschy sensibilities such as Elvis Impersonators, tele-evangelists, and over-enthusiastic talk show hosts.

Aside from the occasional probing, Reticulons are not known to treat their captives badly, but anyone proving to be too hard to handle or not as entertaining as they had hoped will be dropped off on the nearest habitable planet. This is almost never the planet that the character originally came from. Most clueless foreigners that show up on the Frontier with no idea that anything existed outside of their home world are Reticulon abductees returned to the wild. Unfortunately, many of these abductees come from cradle worlds which they have no way of identifying. This makes returning to their home planet next to impossible.

When it comes to dealing with Reticulons, Star Law recommends rolling yourself into a ball and trying to be as boring as possible. Hopefully they will lose interest and leave.

Reticulon. *Reticulon* or possibly *Reticulose* is believed to be the name of their home world. Nothing resembling it exists in any star catalog and to this day no one has a clue where it might be.

Eeep Ahp Ork Ah Ah. A phrase Reticulons often utter is *Eeep Ahp Ork Ah Ah* repeated two or three times in succession. Nobody knows what it means but it is believed to be a term of religious significance. The mysteries surrounding the Reticulons know no end.

Ability

Muscle	-15
Health	+0
Agility	-5
Reflexes	+0
Intellect	+5
Trek	+15
Charm	+0
Command	+0
Sense	+0
Luck	+0

Body Size: Small

Talents: Telepathy, Hypnotic Gaze.

Natural Attacks:

Attack	Beats	Damage	Aspects
Psychic Blast	1	12n	NA. rS. Save Com.
Hypnotic Gaze	1	-	Time 1. Save Com.

Weight: 25 kg + 1 kg per Muscle Point.

Locomotion: Walk x1

Climate: Temperate to Torrid.

Diet: Omnivorous.

Pronounced: Reh-Tick-U-Lawn.

Star Law Advisory: Low Level Threat.

Vrask

Given time, even the most outrageous and offensive way of life will normalize, entrenching itself as the way things should be because that is the way it has always been. Such is the story of the Vrask and the Vrysk.

For hundreds of thousands of years the two co-existed in a symbiotic relationship where the Vrysk tended the fields, ate the harvest and laid far more eggs than any ecosystem could ever support should they all grow to fruition. The Vrask tended to the Vrysk, protected them, and fed upon the excess of eggs, as well as the occasional pupae should an egg hatch before it could be eaten.

No point in letting good food go to waste!

The Great Intervention. Then came visitors from beyond the stars who saw this and were horrified by it. They decided to intervene, largely by turning the two major political factions of Vrask - the Red and the Black - against each other and freeing the Vrysk in the ensuing chaos. Unfortunately the chaos became a civil war which quickly engulfed the otherwise peaceful planet, burning it to a cinder. The result was a diaspora that spread both the Vrysk and the Vrask throughout the galaxy. As peaceful creatures recently freed from servitude, the Vrysk were welcomed with opened arms. As bitter, resentful warlords, the Vrask were branded villains and have been hounded by Star Law ever since.

Or at least, that's the way the Vrask like to see it.

The truth is debatable.

Physiology. The Vrask are a larger and more intimidating version of Vrysk. They have a harder carapace and the Vrask are carnivores while the Vrysk are herbivores, but otherwise nearly everything that can be said about the physical build of the Vrysk can also be said about the Vrask.

The Red & The Black. Vrask come in two colors. Black Vrask have glossy black bodies with red eyes and joints. Red Vrask have glossy red bodies with black eyes and joints. Despite being a negative image of each other, the red and the black are the worst of enemies who will attack each other on sight. Many believe this is a part of their genetics and once existed as a cap on the Vrask population. Whenever their numbers grew too large, the red and the black would find an excuse to go to war and fight until their numbers came down to a more acceptable number.

Now that they are spread throughout the galaxy? *Nothing has changed.* The two still hate each other vehemently, often for reasons they cannot explain. As outlaws, they will work with other unwelcome species such as the Similliax and the Zathar, but nothing can get the Red to work with the Black or vice-versa. All other matters will be shoved aside until their age-old adversaries have been eliminated.

Society. The Vrask are so scattered they no longer have any real society, but if they did it might resemble Ancient Sparta. The Vrask are tyrannical to the extreme, warlords who will accept no source of sovereignty greater than their own, especially when it comes from Star Law. As far as integrating into

frontier society is concerned, they fail at this whole-heartedly. They make great mercenaries and shock troops, but that is about it.

Most Vrisk dream of nothing more than returning to a simpler time before the galaxy opened up to them. Some have even gone so far as to establish settlements on distant planets where they can return to their former glory. Of course, this includes enslaving alien species and eating their young. All of which makes living on these plantations anything but fun for those who are not Vrisk.

It is hard to tell a male Vrisk from a female one without seeing them lay an egg. Once every three years a female Vrisk will lay a clutch of eight to ten eggs. When it comes to parenting, the penalty for disobedience is death, so the mortality rate of young Vrisk is exceedingly high.

Abilities. Male and female Vrisk use the same ability modifiers.

Ability	
Muscle	+10
Health	+0
Agility	+5
Reflexes	+5
Intellect	-10
Trek	+0
Charm	-20
Command	+10
Sense	+10
Luck	-10

Body Size: Large

Talents: Carapace 3.

Natural Attacks:

Attack	Beats	Damage	Aspects
Claws, Medium	1	5s	Close, Bastard
Kick	2	5n	
Bite	2	3s	Close

Locomotion: Walk x1

Durability: 60.

Weight: 20 kg Female, 30 kg Male + 1 kg per Muscle Point.

Climate: Temperate to Torrid.

Diet: Carnivorous.

Pronounced: Ver-ASK.

Star Law Advisory: Medium Level Threat.

Zathar

The early days of the frontier was a heady time of unbridled optimism where explorers were eager to visit different solar systems, seek out new forms of intelligent life and trade technology with them. *Then someone stumbled upon the Zathar.*

Blood Sucking Bastards! The Zathar is a race of highly antagonistic, xenophobic beings best described as a very large leech mixed with a viper. *They are not snakes.* They are warm-blooded and have no scales, but they move like snakes, slithering their three meter long bodies about with the first one or two meters held aloft. The last meter is heavier than the rest which helps them accomplish this. A Zathar can stand as tall as two meters when standing still, one and a half meters when moving, one meter when running, and need to slither on the ground in order to sprint.

The Zathar's skin is smooth. Some describe it as slimy but dust and dirt do not stick to it. Zathar have bulbous eyes on either side of their head which scientists believe are capable of color vision and possibly even infravision.

The mouth of the Zathar contains multiple undulating rings of fangs that it uses to latch onto its prey. When they eat they suck out any vital juices their prey contains. Once this kills it the Zathar injects the body with a potent acid that quickly dissolves what is left, allowing them to drink down the rest. Organic beings to a Zathar are juice boxes waiting to be tapped, *consider yourself warned!*

Cybernetics. Zathar do not have arms or legs, but it is believed that at some point they used their powers of psychic domination to take control of traveling spacers and forced them into outfitting them with cybernetic arms. This opened up a world of tools and technology to the otherwise primitive species. Since then cybernetics has become a Zathar obsession. It is rare to encounter any that have not been cybernetically altered in some way, given a pair of robotic arms at the very least.

Zathar are lovers of exoskeletons and the wholesale slaughter caused by power armor and mechs. Recently they have taken to capturing alien creatures, subduing them with their mental powers, and altering them with cybernetics to create war beasts to unleash upon the worlds they seek to conquer. The Zathar are not very innovative, but they have a definite knack for corrupting any technology they acquire.

Telepathy. While the Zathar can squeal, scream and screech, they don't have the vocal cords necessary for speaking actual words. *They don't need them,* they are telepathic and able to easily connect their thoughts to any other Zathar within **1d4 kilometers**. This allows them to communicate quickly and quietly, making actual spoken communication seem risky and inefficient. They can use their telepathy to speak to non-Zathar minds, but doing so requires a **Intellect** check to compensate for dealing with the differences between species. They could use a polyvox, but once again they prefer to use telepathy.

Mass-Mind. Many believe that this telepathic connection is key to understanding the antagonism of the Zathar. When they connect to each other they form a mass-mind known as a **Squirm** which amplifies their collective ego until a single entity is formed that cannot fathom the idea of being wrong or having anyone disagree with it. According to the mass-mind, individualism is forbidden and all lives are

expendable. You might be able to argue with a single Zathar, but in large numbers the penalty for disagreement or anything other than perfect obedience is death.

Individually, the Zathar are surprisingly weak-willed, oblivious and somewhat stupid. However, once connected to a squirm they get a +1 to **Command**, **Sense** and **Trek** per member to a maximum of **+30**. Gather twenty Zathar together and they each get a +20 when making Command, Sense or Trek checks.

Needless to say, the Zathar firmly believe in the safety of numbers. Where you find one you will find others. They are terrified of being alone or separated from the mass-mind, which is why they often kill themselves, preferring to pull the pin on a grenade and swallow it, before being captured. When a Zathar dies, the powerful acids inside their body quickly eats the corpse from the inside out, further complicating Star Laws efforts to learn about them.

Psychic Domination. Psychic domination is *Hypnotic Gaze* on steroids. Essentially it is a **Command vs Command** challenge between the Zathar and the mind they are trying to control. If either side has the Psionics skill they may add its bonus to their check.

Command vs Command.

- 3: Zathar have complete and total control over the character.
- 2: Character becomes a fanatic of the Zathar and will even die for them.
- 1: Character becomes a supporter of the Zathar and do whatever they ask.
- ½: Character sees the Zathar as friendly and nothing to be afraid of.
- C: Character is not dominated and fully remembers the attempted domination.

Those who have been dominated will act in a completely natural way, just as if their thoughts are their own. Once freed from the domination, they will remember everything that happened but have no idea why they did what they did. It just seemed like the right idea at the time. The Zathar are able to selectively black out memories of them meeting the dominated character. Any attempt to remember that time or place simply draws a blank.

Once a week a dominated character should be allowed a **Command Save**. If this can defeat the original strength of the domination it breaks and the character is set free.

End Goals. The Zathar have absolutely no interest in becoming a part of Frontier society. They are a scourge that exists to land on a planet, enslave its inhabitants, co-opt its technology and literally drain its people and resources dry before moving on.

Zathar are hermaphroditic egg-layers. They contain both sex organs and a fully grown Zathar will lay a clutch of twenty to thirty eggs per month, often injected inside the still living body of an organic creature which the hatchlings will devour after they hatch. Maturation happens with great speed. No one knows just how long they naturally live. This rapid reproduction means that it does not take long for the Zathar to quickly multiply and over-run any world they land on.

Do your part to stop this menace in its tracks!!!

Climate: Temperate to Torrid.

Abilities.

Ability	
Muscle	+10
Health	+5
Agility	+5
Reflexes	-10
Intellect	+0
Trek	-10
Charm	-15
Command	-20
Sense	-5
Luck	+0

Taltros: [Unspecified]

Natural Attacks:

Attack	Beats	Damage	Aspects
Leech Bite	2	6e	Close, Grab

Locomotion: Walk x1

Weight: 20 kg Female, 30 kg Male + 1 kg per Muscle Point.

Climate: Cold to Tropical.

Diet: Omnivorous.

Pronounced: ZATH-ar.

Star Law Advisory: High Level Threat.

ARCHETYPES**

Communicator***

- + cultural specialist
- + knows a bunch of languages

Defender***

- + sometimes the best defense is a good offense
- + basically fighters

Engineer***

Explorer***

- + specializes in wilderness survival, trekking

Medic***

Navigator***

Roboticist***

- + computers and robotics

Scientist***

Smuggler***

Space Trucker***

Star Pilot***
